

# The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

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"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

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THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

Alexis calls me cruel:  
The crags that hold  
The gathered ice of winter,  
He says are not more cold.

When even the very blossoms  
Around the fountains brim,  
And frost walks, can witness  
The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter  
My feelings without shame;  
And tell him how I love him,  
Nor wrong my virgin name.

Alas! to seize the moment  
When heart inclines to heart,  
And press a suit of passion,  
Is not a woman's part!

If man comes not to gather  
The roses where they stand,  
They fade among the foliage,  
They cannot seek his hand.

[Translated from the Spanish by Bryant.]

For The Pocahontas Times

## The Treasure Trove.

XX.

THE suit of Weston vs. Judson and the Bank of Dan-  
ton was duly instituted and  
while it was maturing, the plaintiff  
was exercising his wits and working  
to be ready to prevail over  
Judson's cleverly devised defense.  
Weston went home for a few weeks  
and then came back to be on hand  
and to be near the scene.  
The first of June he came back and  
it is needless to say that he was  
with his sweetheart many deli-  
ciously long hours. Mary and he  
talked the suit over and weighed  
all the chances. The winning of it  
meant that they were to enter hand  
in hand into that dreamland which  
to lovers seems the consummation of  
earthly happiness, but so unreal  
and unrealized that the thoughts of that constant and un-  
restrained companionship is ever  
present with both, waking or sleeping,  
it doth not yet appear what it  
shall be. The mere possession of  
enough money to get married on,  
or, which is the same thing, what  
they think is enough, so paltry  
when human happiness is compar-  
ed with it, means, in nine cases  
out of ten, that lovers will plight  
their troth and taste happiness not  
of this world, and get bravely over it.  
While if they are cursed with  
a feeling of poverty the unfor-  
tunate children will eat out their  
hearts apart, and the two natures  
meant to home with each other are  
cursed by their very capability for  
true happiness.

Colonel Wilson's idea that they  
might capture Judson's witness  
was evidently not wholly unsus-  
pected by Judson. It can be re-  
lied on that Judson knew his old  
lawyer as well as the lawyer knew him.  
Black Robert had been tem-  
porarily sequestered by his em-  
ployer, and it was not until the 1st  
of June that the Colonel learned  
that Judson had sent him to the  
head of Laurel River to range cat-  
tle for the summer.

"It becomes our duty," he said  
solemnly to Weston, "to tamper  
with this witness in order that the  
truth may be told in court and justice  
prevail. Suppose you dress  
yourself in some good strong  
clothes and go up to the head of  
Laurel River and see if you can  
corrupt that nigger into telling  
the truth. We have got a full  
month until court, and I will stay  
around here and see if any thing  
turns up to our advantage."

Weston set off to the wilderness  
to find the dangerous witness. He  
had about fifty miles to go and he  
decided to tramp it. He set off  
equipped for rough work. He wore  
a stout corduroy suit and substantial  
shoes. In a knapsack he carried  
extra clothing. He had no  
definite idea beyond perhaps find-  
ing the negro's camp and living  
with him a while under the plea of  
wanting to fish. So he took his  
fishing tackle with him.

The first day he made twenty  
miles and stopped with a farmer.  
He went on the next day another  
twenty miles. He found he was  
getting much deeper into the  
mountains than he had been be-  
fore. The road had narrowed gradu-  
ally until it became a bridle-path  
well worn, but not wide enough for

wagons. The path lay on the bank  
of a noisy stream which flowed be-  
tween two high mountains. He  
could barely see the tops in the  
dim distance as he looked up the  
heavily wooded mountain side. A  
man overtook him riding one horse  
and leading another with a pack-  
saddle loaded with store goods.  
Weston had passed out of the  
world that used wheels, and he was  
entering an enchanted region where  
the women and children had never  
seen a wagon or any wheeled  
vehicle. Only the men who went  
to the store and attended court  
knew what such marvels were like.

Weston and the stranger frater-  
nized. City bred though Weston  
was, he began to realize what it  
was to be scarce of anybody to talk  
to, and how important the least  
among those who walk up and  
down the earth may be under cer-  
tain circumstances. As to old  
Rube Callahan, who was on his  
native health, he was so near a  
mound of all he surveyed that he  
could afford to treat any man roy-  
ally.

The meeting was not without in-  
cident. Weston had seen the  
mountaineer coming up behind  
him, his small, wiry horses step-  
ping out briskly towards home,  
picking their way between rocks  
and finding places to set their feet  
among the roots. Old Rube had  
a mountain rifle as long as he  
was high.

"Down this here Wild Goose  
Chase about two miles is the dang-  
est poor hole in the country. I  
reckon if I war to tell them folks  
that you held the old man down on  
a fair and square tussle and you  
tuk your sheer of the venison, they  
mought keep ye. Jest wait till I  
swing the carcass on to my shoulders  
and I'll git you to ride that ole  
mare o' mine, for the plague-taked  
old beast never would let me carry  
a deer on her, and we'll drap down  
on 'em together. Come ter think  
erabout hit, I think I'll try to on-  
dure one night in that old cabin,  
and we'll jest take a mess o' veni-  
son together, bein' as the sun's  
erabout down."

The mountaineer put the deer's  
legs criss-cross by running one  
foot between the tendons of another,  
and Weston placed it on his  
back, and which it fitted perfectly,  
and the beards walked off proudly  
with the evidence of his hunting  
prowess. Weston was not sorry to  
have a horse to help him over the  
toilsome miles that lie at the end  
of every journey.

They came in sight of a sub-  
stantial log-house, well built and  
cared for, with broad porches, and  
surrounded by convenient out-  
houses. A large log-barn stood in  
a green field, and the whole was  
situated on an eminence overlooking  
the creek that tumbled over a  
precipitous fall at its base. A mill  
built on a large flat rock ground  
unattended at the rate of a peck of  
corn an hour.

"Is this the place we are going  
to stop?" asked Weston.

"It is, stranger, if they'll keep  
us."

"I thought you said we would  
have very poor accommodations  
here? If ever I saw a place that  
looked like people enjoyed more  
solid comfort I do not remember  
it."

"They air mighty poor, stranger;  
but I reckon you ought to stand  
for one night what they have ter  
the whole year."

"I believe you are the owner of  
this magnificent home," said Wes-  
ton.

"Well, stranger, I cant gainsay  
ye, but come in, we'll do the best  
we can fer ye."

Weston seated himself in a com-  
fortable chair covered with a  
sheep-skin. In a few moments a  
motherly old lady came out and  
welcomed Weston, who introduced  
himself. This was Mrs Callahan,  
and she, having made him feel at  
home, immediately seized a broom  
and swept off some imaginary dirt  
from the porch floor. Presently  
Mr Callahan came back, having  
dressed the deer and sunk it in the  
spring branch to preserve the meat  
until it was eaten. He spoke to a  
man on a hill across the valley  
about a mile away to come in and  
attend to the horses and then join-  
ed Weston on the porch. He car-

a dollar behind that deer's shoulder  
after I shot, and I didn't see  
the bullet strike the water any-  
where. But that fetch-taked ole  
mare o' mine wheeled so damned  
sudden that I did n't hev the  
chance to observe every thing.  
We'll have a search for the body  
after I load up and tie up them  
pesky horses. Dang my skin,  
stranger, you air a wrangler! You  
end I must hev a fall er two ter  
gather or I can't hold up my head  
in the church no more."

The gun being loaded and the  
horses tied up, the two men climbed  
down the bank and into the bed  
of the creek. Weston was able to  
show his companion where the red  
calf had gone into the bushes, and  
the old man made preparations for  
a systematic search. They had  
only taken a few steps into the  
brush when they came upon the  
deer lying dead, shot through the  
lungs. The deer was killed out of  
season, but at the first of June  
they are often very fat, and are  
considered as being more fit for  
food than at any other time.

The shadows were already over  
the valley, and as Weston watched  
the old Calahan dress the deer by  
the water-side he asked him about  
a place to spend the night, ex-  
plaining that he was out on a fish-  
ing expedition. Old man Callahan  
replied:

"Down this here Wild Goose  
Chase about two miles is the dang-  
est poor hole in the country. I  
reckon if I war to tell them folks  
that you held the old man down on  
a fair and square tussle and you  
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from the porch floor. Presently  
Mr Callahan came back, having  
dressed the deer and sunk it in the  
spring branch to preserve the meat  
until it was eaten. He spoke to a  
man on a hill across the valley  
about a mile away to come in and  
attend to the horses and then join-  
ed Weston on the porch. He car-

ried a bundle of newspapers.  
As he approached he said:

"Sense me, Mr—well I declare  
I fergit names so easy."

"Weston!"

"That's it! Sense me. Mr Wes-  
ton, but mought you be able to  
read?"

"Well, I can read print tolerable  
well."

"I wish you would look over  
these here papers that my son sent  
me from the University and see if  
there is anything erabout him in  
em."

Weston took the paper and a  
marked passage caught his eye:

"The orator's medal was award-  
ed to Mr J. T. Callahan, class of  
'94."

"That's my son Jake. We're  
mighty unfortunate in him. His  
uncle left him the best farm on the  
creek, and he sold the whole on  
the money. He have got a powerful  
sight of money invested in his  
head. Anybody who had no more  
to show for a fine farm than education  
ought ter jist, plumb, natch-  
erly go crazy fer fear he'd die and  
lose it."

The young Callahan had evid-  
ently broken away from home entirely.  
He was an only son and his  
father wanted to see him first in  
strength and skill in the settlement  
and his hankering after a higher  
education had estranged them.

Like his brother Andrew, Wil-

liam Warwick lost his heart in the

group of the Warwick rela-  
tionship in Pocahontas treated of  
in this paper includes the descendants  
of William Warwick, of John  
Warwick the Englishman from  
Warwickshire, England, as is gen-  
erally believed.

Andrew Warwick. They settled on  
Deer Creek where Peter H. War-

wick now lives, and were the par-  
ents of three children. Robert

Craig, Elizabeth, who became Mrs

Benjamin Tallman; Margaret, who

became Mrs John Hull and lived

on the head of Jackson's River.

Robert Craig Warwick, the only  
son, seemed to have much at-  
tached to his sister Peggy, and at

one time crossed the Alleghany  
paid her a visit, but lost his heart.

He came to the conclusion that

life on Deer Creek was not worth

living after this, and he told Es-

ter Hull about it. They agreed

and were married, and the happy

young people settled on the Deer

Creek homestead. They were the

parents of three sons and six

daughters. In reference to their

children the following items are

recorded:

Catherine Hidy Warwick is now

Mrs William W. Bird, Hillsboro,

W. Va. Her children are

Robert

Craig, Elizabeth, who became Mrs

Benjamin Tallman; Margaret, who

became Mrs John Hull and lived

on the head of Jackson's River.

Robert Hull Warwick married

Caroline Matheny, and settled on

the Deer Creek home place.

Their children were Jesse, Otis

Dent, Forest, and Elbert Cecil.

By the death of Cecil, in 1896 at Cowen,

Webster county, his mother's heart

was so broken that she did not

survive him very long.

John Robert Warwick married

Jennie Cleek, daughter of the late

John Cleek, of Bath County, and

lives on a section of the Deer Creek

homestead. Their children are

Mary and Nancy. Lieut.

Warwick was a Confederate officer, 31st

Virginia Infantry, and is a commis-

sioner of the Pocahontas Court.

Elizabeth Warwick became Mrs